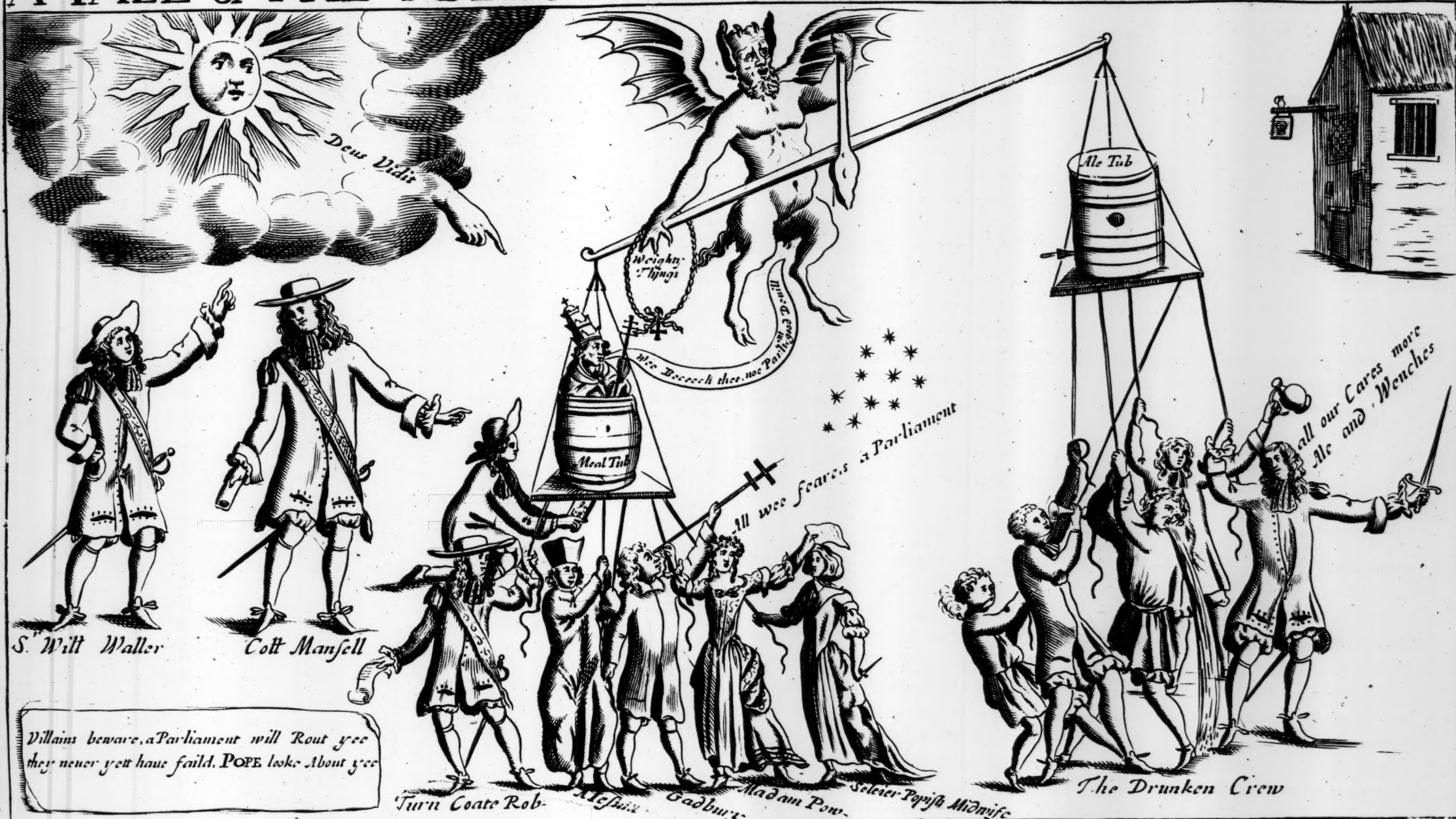


# A TALE of THE TUBBS or ROMES MASTER PEICE Defeated



If Englands Prayers be heard, and Senate sit;

Down goes proud Rome, French Arms, and Northern Wit.

## The Ale-Tub's Complaint.

Unkind Devil, thus at last deceive me!  
Stay till the Ale was out, and then to leave me:  
Hath not my service greater been by odds,  
Than can be hop't from Bread and wooden Gods?  
See how our off-spring altogether strive,  
To keep the Ballance and the Ale alive,  
Although at Bottom, while perfidious you  
Tack to that Tripple Dogg and Damned Crew  
Of Loyals, till they Us all undo:  
Sot that you are, to have a greater hope  
From a few Priests, and an old dotting Pope,  
That their dry PLOTS, can e're your intrest further  
Than I have done, by Rapine, Whores, and Murder,  
Who by the Liquor of my mufty Cell  
Hath sent you scores, nay hundreds, quick to Hell:  
You are ungrateful, thus to leave old Friends,  
And think Rome's Vassals e're can make amends;  
Who when their work is done will Domineer;  
And swear that hell was meally mouth'd for fear:  
Then turn your hand, and on our side it give,  
Or they will stave my Hogshead as I live,  
And so grow sober, then shall both on's pass,  
Ale for a Witch, thou Devil for an Ass.

## The Devil (or Jack on both side's) Reply.

What Ails this Drunken Puppy to Complain,  
Thinks he I know not where's my greatest gain:  
That Pack of Bandoggs, breed of Northern Tikes;  
Shall Teize the souls of all that us dislikes;  
Must my Vicegerent with his Tripple Crown  
By Empty Ale-Tubs e're be weighed down?  
No know I am wiser, Drunkards are but fools  
Unto this MEAL-TUB and his Holiness Tools.  
'Tis true, the Ale-Tub, is our friend we know,  
And oft from thence some Reeling to Hell go,  
But these can Ruine Kingdoms at a Blow.  
And where they Conquer, there the Herreticks feel,  
Far greater Torments than our whips of Steel.  
We Exercise upon our Slaves below,  
Who (but for them) did ne're such tortures know:  
Flay men alive, then forth their Bowels tear,  
Women rip up with Child, and on their Spear  
Mount their young Infants, while in blood they sprawl;  
The Catholicks way to quiet them that Bawl;  
Cities Consume with fire, Ravish Maid and Wife,  
Destroy by Poyson, Pistol, Burnings, Knife,  
With thousand other ways to End their hated Life.

But what is best of all: when they have done,  
They call this holy work: most Christian—  
Acted from pure zeal, and love so mild,  
Makes them as guiltless as the Unborn Child;  
Two Ave-marys, and one Pater-Nos —  
Will make amends for all, and quit the Cost  
They'r daring sinners, of the Popes first Rate,  
With God himself they will Equivocate —  
By Brea-den Gods they can Absolve a Lye —  
Nay by the Mass they dare do more than I,  
Not Tremble at, but mock the Deity.  
Then cease to murmur, they shall bear the Bell  
For Damn'd Designs, and PLOTS that out-does Hell.

## The Jesuits speak their merrits.

Most Holy Father, we do much admire  
Your weighty Goodness, and your Reverend Sire,  
Whose helping hand doth for us turn the Scale,  
By him we have, and do, and shal prevail;  
'Tis not Heavens Power that shall frustrate this  
Most Brave design, which in the MEAL-TUB is;  
Nor Presbyterians save their hated Throats,  
Now at the last, by a Damn'd tell-tale Cats.  
If Hell for Heaven we matter not; conceal  
This Brest Intregue, by all our Gods the MEAL  
Shall have high honour, on our Altars that  
Made into Gods be worshipt smocking hot.  
This matchless Treason, makes it holy all —  
White as from Tower Scrypt, or West-ward Hall;  
This wonder-working Euch'rist shall do more  
Than Jesuits Powder, Pentioner, or Whore,  
Or all the Baffled Plots we e're Contriv'd before,  
'Twill make the Herreticks all agast to see  
Themselves the Plotters, murdered Legally.  
And make us fat with Laughing, how they will  
Divided fall and one another Kill:  
'Tis holy sport to see their blood run down  
In every Channel of the Burned Town,  
While Changling Robins Bugbear in the City,  
Dye the Green Ribbons Red; by Hell that's pretty:  
Then shall that Mote, in Northern eye be sped,  
After Exile call'd back to lose his head.  
But these are scraps of what our TUB contains,  
And do these Coxcombs, with their addled Brains,  
Think e're to weigh us down with Ale and Grains?  
No Punies know, your Reeling throng's out-done,  
Wee'l make all England stagger e're't be Long:  
But talking's Idle, let's to action come,  
And strike the stroak, may Ruine Christendom.

## Sir William Waller to Col. Mansfell.

See Mansfell where that Damned hellish Crew,  
Are plotting Murders, and begin with you;  
See heaven discovers unto thee and I  
Their horrid Treasons, hellbred Villany,  
Caught in that pacquet brought by Willoughby.  
Oh Blessed God! whose mercies infinite  
Do yet preserve us from Eternal Night;  
It's thou alone whose heavenly goodness still  
Defends our Lives (almost) against our will,  
From these vile Plotters, Miscreants of Rome,  
Blood-thirsty Villains, Pests of Christendom.  
Direct me Heaven to take them in their toyl,  
And all their Treasons, and their plottings spoil.  
Let's in amongst them, Mansfel, heres my hand,  
I'll lose my life to save my native Land.  
'Tis done, says Mansfel brave Sir William; I  
In such a cause with you am proud to dye.  
We'll make those Vermin know, we scorn their rage,  
Our nobler Souls dares Rome and Hell ingage.  
And if such manhood Reigneth in us two,  
What can't the Courage of our English do?  
But Ruine all its Foes, when once provokt thereto.  
Let's search that Pesthouse, where the Midwife's bred,  
VWho brings Rome's Bastards and their Plots to bed,  
Methinks it looks, as if the Tower Beasts  
Had there some Prey on which they often feast.  
'Tis there my Lady meets her trusty Steer;  
Some Newgate-Birds and Sir Examiner.  
There's Stars amongst them whence young Tycho drew  
The Plots good fortune, but his own not knew;  
See how the VWhores of either Sexes Tugg,  
VWhile the Grand Bayde sits Brooding on the TUB,  
VVe'll turn the Bottom upwards ere we go,  
I'll lay my Life there's Treason at his Toe.  
So off they fetch him, with his Tripple Crown,  
And threw the Crosier, and the MEAL-TUB down;  
VWhence came such stuff the Devil, frightened, swore,  
He never saw such Princely stuff before,  
The VVest must yield the Belt unto the Nore.  
Thus England once more is delivered from  
Rome's Rogues abroad, and Plotters here at home:  
Stand on your Guard, now hold your selves awake,  
Left their next Plot (you careles) Napping take.  
Respite & Cave.

FINIS.